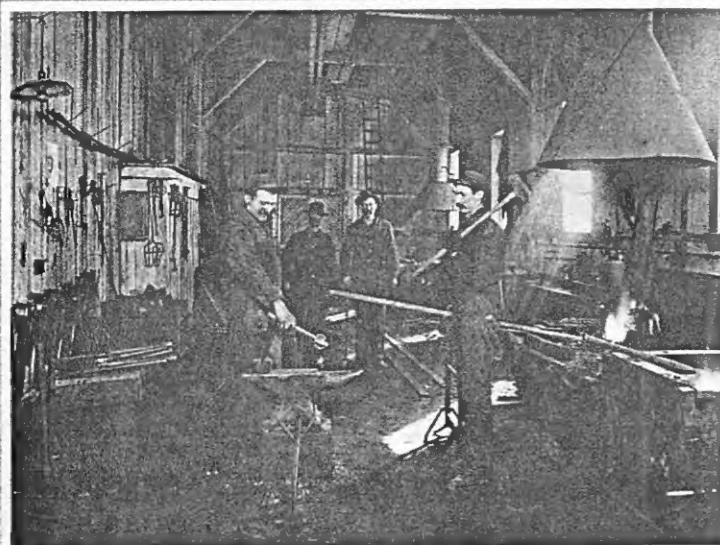


Miners tucked three candles into their pockets, held their lunchbuckets, and posed for posterity.



The blacksmith shop was an important part of every mine.

*Diggings & Doings in Park City
by Raye C Price*



Old-fashioned candles provided safety warning as well as light.

Virginia City, where underground water steamed to 170 degrees, making fifteen-minute shifts barely endurable, the icy waters beneath Park City kept muckers hopping just to keep warm.

They were a superstitious lot. Just about everything was bad luck, from letting women in a mine to whistling on the job, dropping tools, or hearing a howling dog. If his candle snuffed out, a miner knew there was trouble at home; if it doused three times, someone was molesting his wife.

It was taboo for miners to give notice that they would quit the job on a certain day. Men who had confided their plans had been killed or injured while working their last shift. This had happened so many times that those intending to leave cheated fate by quitting a day earlier than they had announced.

The mines were rife with mountain ghosts. Park City had a wicked dwarf whose arms were so long he could buckle his sandals without stooping down, and so strong that he could pull himself up a ladder without using his legs. Many swore that this dwarf kicked out the rungs of ladders to block the escape of miners who were trapped.

There were "Tommy Knockers," other vindictive little creatures who made strange sounds of voices in the walls, ghostly single-drilling or tapping which prophesied bad luck to an individual or group of miners.

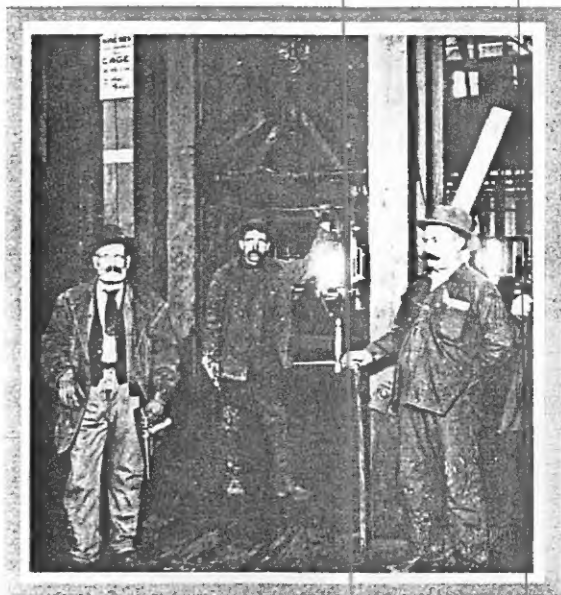
An Irishman named Quinn claimed to have seen a beautiful woman riding a white horse on the 200-foot level of Zev shaft in the old Alliance mine. She had long blonde hair and radiant white flesh. Quinn had seen her several times, but she disappeared every time he tried to question her. Some said the woman was seeking her husband who had been crushed in a mine accident years before. (Later historians might wonder if the haunted man could have been the same Quinn mentioned in the *Park Record* for November 28, 1896, after he had "Filled up on 'red eye' and settled himself on the Union Pacific track for a comfortable snooze.")

Park City's heyday hit at the turn of the century, but new strikes were recorded up into the late 30's. The Park Utah Mine at Keetley was developed after the First World War, the Park City Consolidated Mining Co. blossomed in the late 20's, and the New Park, the area's major gold shipper, peaked in 1939.

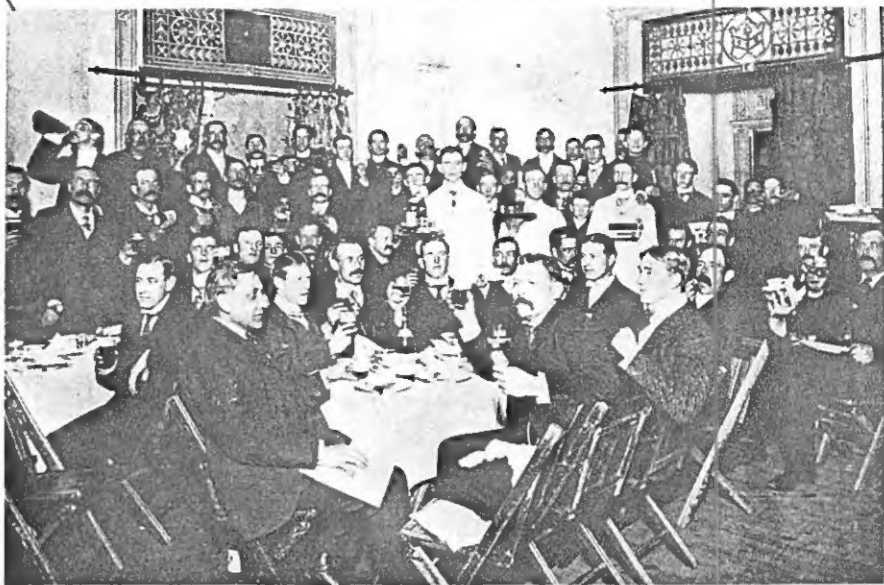
Despite snowslides, mine explosions, fires, and the ever-threatening water seepage, the town prospered until the depression of the early 30's and World War II combined with prohibitive pumping costs to force most of the mines to close. Now only two companies operate: the United Park City Mines Co. (a consolidation of most major producers in the area) and the New Park, which



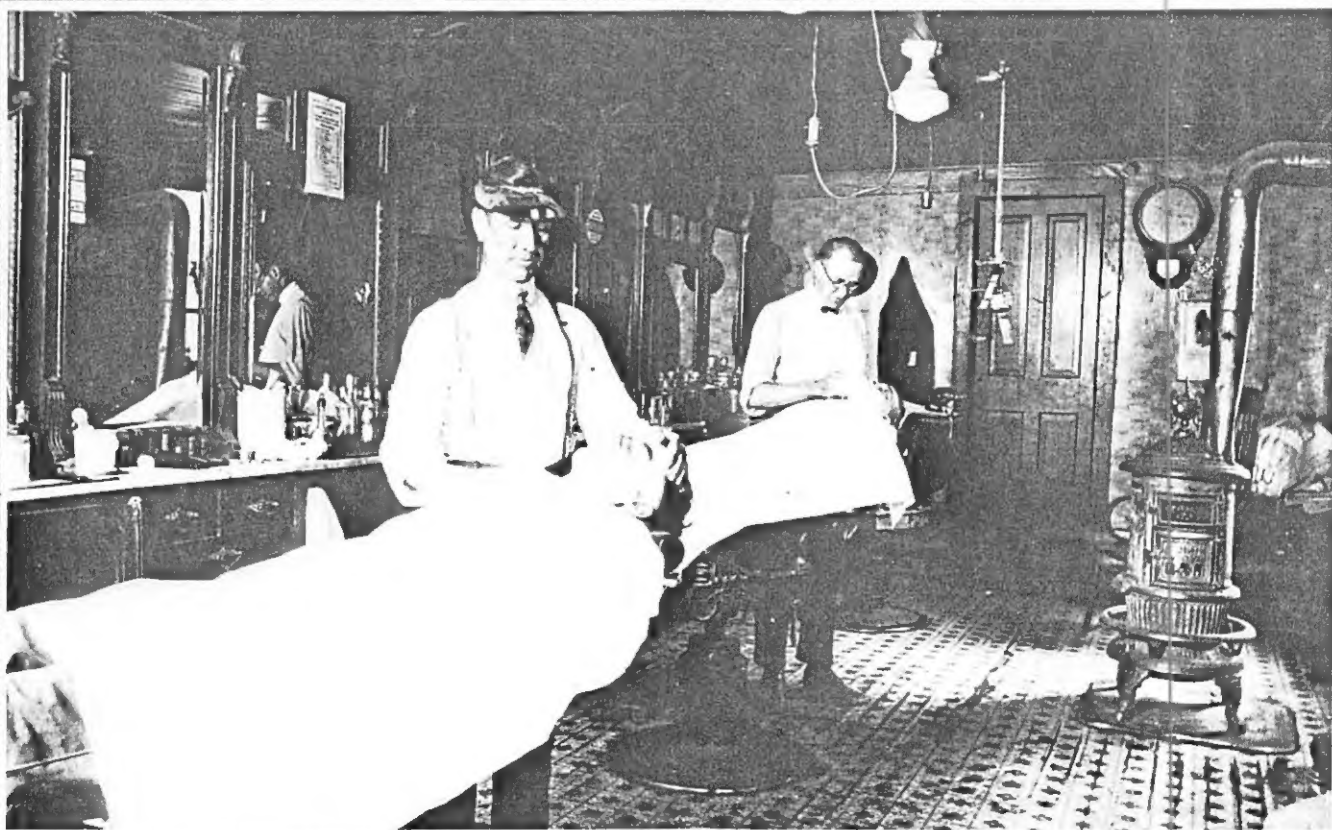
Miner in a stope of the Silver King Mine.



Nine miners at a time could descend in the Daly-West cage.



Right: Waiters pour the bubbly in anticipation of the victory party in honor of Tom Kearns' election to the United States Senate. Left: The celebration.

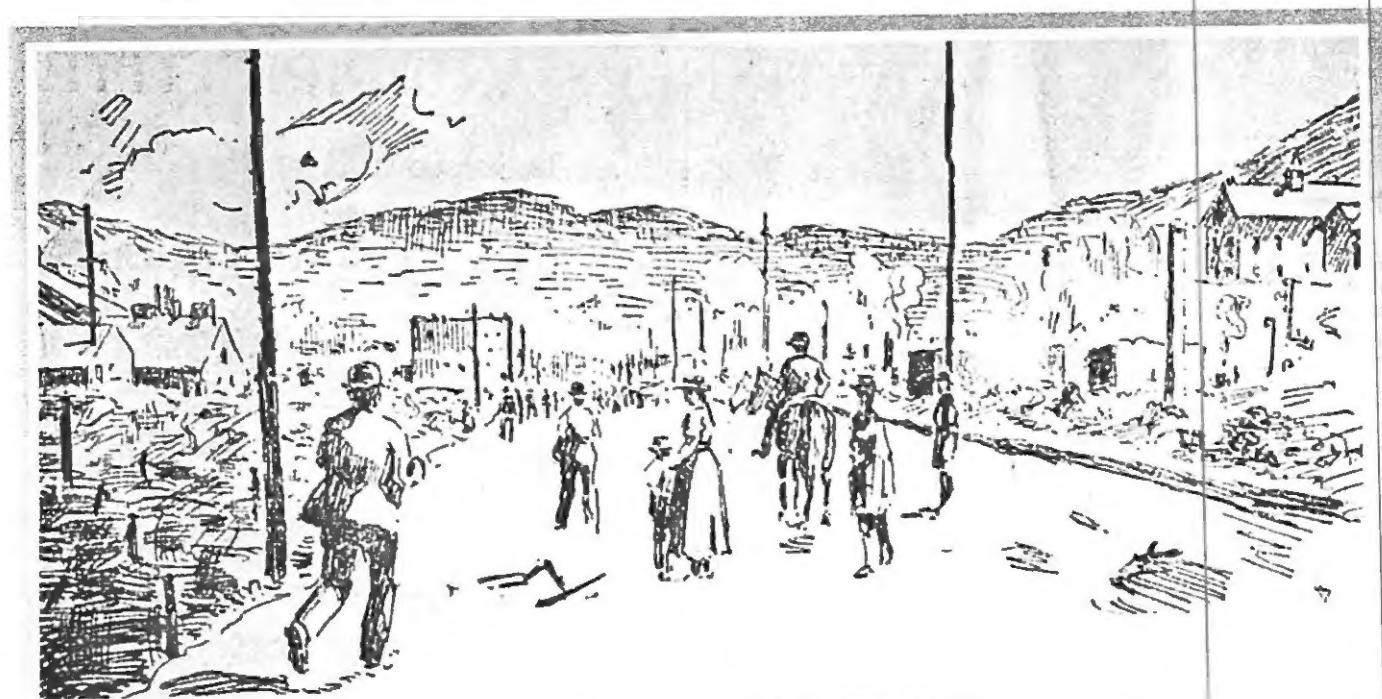


Tom Rease and Less Taylor mixed a little chatter with their barbering.



City Hall stands as rubble after the fire of 1898.

*Below: A post-fire sketch of Main Street
appeared in the Park Record.
The newspaper was published from a tent.*



roads—churches united in efforts to clothe and feed the homeless, and Mormon farmers from the surrounding area donated dairy products. Park City was rebuilt from rubble.

Within eighteen months, more than fifty businesses and homes were rebuilt, mostly of cheaper and faster frame construction. It wasn't long before the new Dewey Theatre was advertising Knute Erickson's rendition of "Yon Yonson," with the bonus of Professor Younger's—the dancing master's—bowling alley in the basement. Riley and Towe's saloon and club room became "the" spot, the New Park Hotel was ritzy with formal waiters and a billiard room, and the police force was back on the job, raiding a ribbon-costumed hootchie-kootchie dancer the boys had hired for \$4. The *Park Record* boasted, "There is not one camp in a thousand that would have recovered from the blow, but Park City did and with a rapidity that is astonishing."

They had a roaring time; there were successes and failures, but as with all bonanzas, an end had to come. Mining profits were threatened until, one by one, the mines were forced to close. Out of work, hit by the depression of the thirties, miners moved to more promising areas and Main Street became a boarded-up, deserted hill inhabited by only a few people cherishing their memories of better days.

D-ers

THE SILVER QUEEN

In Park City she was just plain Susie, but from Paris to Moscow and New York, from London to Peking and San Francisco, she was "Utah's Silver Queen" and she played the role with éclat. She trailed the names of four husbands like an ermine stole and blazoned her motto, "Why live if you can't enjoy yourself!" on society around the world. Susanna Bransford Emery-Holmes Delitch Engalicheff was another Park City bonanza.

Susanna, born in Richmond, Missouri, and reared in the California gold country, came to Park City for a visit with friends and stayed to marry Albion B. Emery, the local postmaster, secretary of several infant mining companies, and, later, Speaker of the House in Utah's Thirty-first (and last) Territorial Legislature.

Shortly after their marriage, Emery wrote Susie's parents, "The smile on Susie's face is daily becoming broader and my intelligent grin has become perpetual, so no good reason why this agreeable state of affairs should not continue . . . We intend that it shall." Their happiness endured, but was fated to a brief ten years.

Emery was a lucky man but didn't live to know it. He was approached by R. C. Chambers, superintendent of the Ontario Mine, to front for a little mining stock where Chambers smelled silver but couldn't invest openly. The deal was made in Emery's name. He died soon after and Chambers watched helplessly as Susanna built her inheritance to 150,000 shares of stock at \$80 each. (By 1902 she was valued at over \$100,000,000, with a monthly income around \$50,000.)

The fortune didn't come immediately. At Emery's death, most of his holdings were considered worthless, but Susanna plied womanly intuition, refused to sell, and set herself to developing the properties until she owned interest in most of the major mines, including a partnership with Thomas Kearns and David Keith in the Silver King. It was rumored that she supported herself and her adopted daughter, Louise Grace, during this time as a mil-



*Susanna Egeria Bransford Emery-Holmes
Delitch Engalicheff, "Utah's Silver Queen,"
about 1902-4.*